

## Day 14 Road Trip by mampysou

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**Summary:**

The boys head home

## Day 14 Road Trip

### Author's Note:

This mostly follows on from Blue day 9 but can be a stand alone piece.

Billy grinned and pushed Steve away from his house towards the blue of his Camaro. He hadn't even turned the engine off. He lifted the trunk and shoved Steve's bags in as quickly as he could then jogged to the driver's side door.

"Ready, Steve?" he asked, tongue poking from between his teeth, "Ready to move to California and leave these fuckers behind?"

"Jesus. I haven't even said goodbye to anyone." He panicked, Steve wanted to go with Billy but couldn't go without tell Dustin, Robin and the gang where he had gone.

Billy seemed to grin impossibly wider. "I stopped by the arcade on the way. I give them another minute maybe. Depends on how fast they pedaled."

Steve was confused for just a second before he heard the rumble of an engine and a jumble of voices.

Max was clutching to the bumper of Robins car, her skate board going dangerously fast. They were followed by the rest of the gang on their bikes. Sweaty and out of breath they pedaled like their lives depended on it.

Steve smiled at Billy, his face nearly splitting in two. "What did you tell them?" he pressed trying to calm down as well.

“You are moving to California, to be with your boyfriend. Curly asked if you would stop moping if you did.” Billy was going to be insuperable.” I told him I thought you might.”

Steve stepped away from the car towards the group of teens, who were throwing their bikes to the floor without a care, and the three girls. Robin had clearly picked up El before driving over. Before he could even start to speak to them, they embraced him in the biggest hug, all trying to find a place to squeeze. The goodbyes were going to hurt.

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After a short while, everything that could be said was, and Steve was finally climbing in the car. He waved out the window and tried his best not to appear as terrified as he felt. Predictably, Billy saw through him. He always did.

“What’s up Steve?” he asked as they pulled off the road he had called home for nineteen years.

He contemplated lying for a brief moment, but really didn’t want that to be the start of their trip together. Or their lives together, away from Hawkins. “I am fucking terrified Billy.” He murmured, looking out of the window at the rapidly disappearing places he knew.

“Jesus. I know. I have done this like three times in my life.” He went quiet for a moment. He looked at Steve and he saw him visibly shake off something then continue.

“But far the worst was driving back here was by far the hardest. There was so much shit spinning in my head.”

He looked at Steve again and shook his head. "Stupid it was. I know it now. But convinced myself you would send me away. Or have someone else, or just not be there." He sighed, it was heavy and sad. "I nearly turned around so many fucking times. But I knew I need to get you. So, I thought fuck it."

Steve could see his getting frustrated like none of that was what he wanted to say. Steve watched the houses disappear as they entered the woods on the edge of Hawkins. It would have taken anything to drag Billy away from Steve right now. If someone was to try and take him back to his big empty house, Steve would probably commit a major crime to prevent that from happening. But he still wished that Billy found talking to him easier. For both their sakes.

After a few beats of silence, he started up again. "I mean that I am still fucking terrified Steve. Like this is awesome and I can't believe you are actually in my car coming with me but it's still there. That feeling in the back of my head like it's all gonna go wrong."

Steve looked at him and smiled. "It's not, Billy. You came back for me. It's only going to get better."

Billy's face split into a wide genuine smile and Steve is struck with just how beautiful he is. He reached out and ran his thumb just under his bottom lip. Billy nipped at it, making him snatch it back and chuckle.

"So Billy, how long does it take us to get to California?" he asked and when he heard the answer of three days immediately wishes he hadn't.

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The drive was long and it felt like they had to stop to refuel the car

every 30 miles or so. But it was fun.

They stopped at shitty tourist sites Billy had spotted on the way to him and it's hilarious. Why any would want to see a giant ball of yarn or the deepest hole in the country is beyond him, but they stop at everyone Billy pointed out. It adds time to their journey too, but Steve found himself not caring a whole lot.

They stayed in cheap motels or sleep under the stars, one warm, clear night. They fell into some sort of rhythm, taking it in turns to drive whilst the other messed with the stereo or just chatted, helping keep everyone awake and amused.

Billy told Steve about where they would be staying he little house he found that they could rent and then save enough to buy off someone Billy knew from when he and his mom lived out there.

Steve would ramble about his job at Scoops and the weird shit he and Robin got up too whilst he was away.

It was easy, fun and peaceful and before he knew it they were there. He was nervous all over again but instead of freaking out this time, he just reached out and grabbed Billy's hand. The squeeze he received in return was all he needed to smile and climb out the car. Ready to start over.

### **Author's Note:**

Hope you liked it.